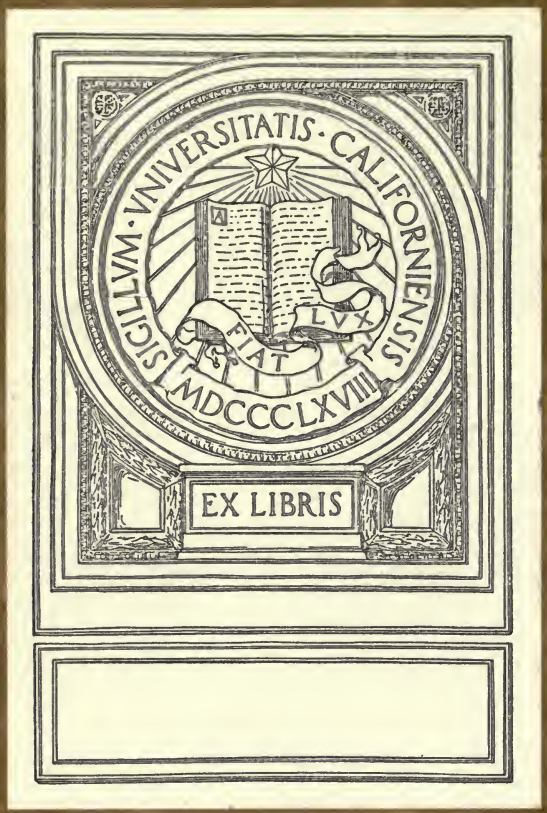
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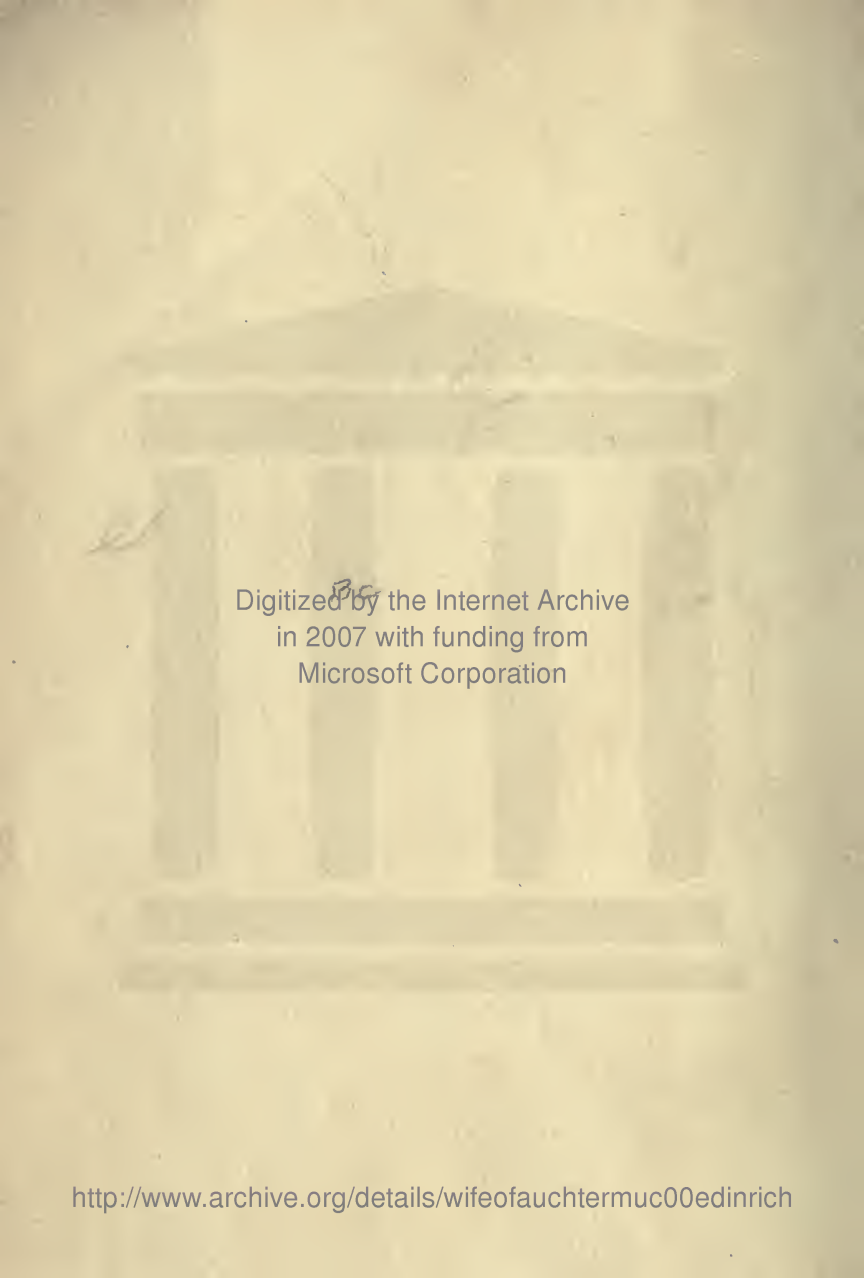
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THE

WIFE

OF

AUCHTERMUCHTY,

AN ANCIENT SCOTTISH POEM.

With a Tranſlation into
LATIN RHYME.

Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, et admiſſus circum præcordia ludit.
PERSIUS.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY A. NEILL AND CO.
1803.

WD

927
W653

PREFACE.

ABOUT six months ago, a small publication appeared at Edinburgh, entitled, *Carminum Rariorum Macaronicorum Delectus, in usum Ludorum Apollinarium. Fasciculus secundus.* That celebrated, though now very scarce Poem, the Wife of Auchtermuchty, was one of the articles which this fasciculus contained. The Editor, in a note at the beginning of it, made the following observation.

"It is much to be feared that the beauties of this excellent poem will be lost to modern readers, as the ancient Scottish dialect in which it is written is now not without difficulty understood even by the antiquarian. By an elegant translation into the Latin language, the beauties of this poem would be preserved to latest posterity. It is therefore much to be wished, that some classical scholar would do the same honour to this as has lately been done to some other Scottish poems."

A few weeks after this notice appeared, the Latin translation now presented to the public was sent to the Scriba Prætorius for the celebration of the Ludi Apollinares, inclosed in the following Latin letter.

SCRIBÆ

SCRIBÆ PRÆTORIO CONVENTUS GYMNASTICI EDINENSIS,

S.

PERLEGI, vir erudite, ſummâ cum voluptate, Faſciculos duos quos edidiſti *Carminum Rariorum Macaronicorum*. Nil, me judice, in rebus humanis, ſolitove vitæ conſortio jucundius, ne dicam utilius, quàm ſtudia graviora, et ea munera in quibus ritè fungendis hominis probi conſtat officium, jocis interdum lenire, et horas paucas ſubſecivas, aut hilari et feſtivo conſortio, aut genii ludicri modicâ indulgentiâ demulcere. Quàm ſint utilia, immo neceſſaria hujuſmodi oblectamenta, ipſemet ſum expertus, qui nec paucis nec levibus implicitus negotiis, ni pauxillum temporis ſurripere licuiſſet ad vires animi reficiendas, prorſus ſuccumberem. Quamobrem nec me pœnitet omnino, nec pudet, animi causâ, nec non ut voto tuo, vir erudite, obſequerer, cantilenam hancce antiquam *, opuſculum ſuo genere planè egregium, verſu Latino, ut cupiiſti, et metrico rythmo veſtiiſſe. Si tibi, tuique ſimilibus, viris cordatis, placuerint hi verſus, quid de hiſce nugis cenſeat moroſum et vapidum genus hominum, qui nil ſapiunt facetiarum, non multùm morabor. Vale et lætare.

---

* *The Wife of Auchtermuchty.*

THE Scriba Prætorius is directed by the Gymnaſiarchus Magnificus, Pontifex Maximus, Archi-Laureatus, Prætor Honoratus, and other officers of the Gymnaſtic Club, to requeſt that the anonymous Author who has thus with ſo much credit to himſelf fulfilled their wiſh, would take any method he may think moſt adviſable of informing them to whom they are indebted for a tranſlation, which, in their opinion, from its juſtneſs, its elegance, and its ſpirit, would do no diſcredit to any Latin ſcholar even of the higheſt reputation.

This Poem would have made the firſt part of a third Faſciculus of Macaronics, which the Scriba Prætorius is now preparing for the preſs: But, from different conſiderations, he has determined that this Third Faſciculus ſhall not be publiſhed for ſome years to come, and he was unwilling to withhold from readers poſſeſſing elegant claſſical taſte, till a period which is yet, perhaps, diſtant, that gratification which they cannot fail to derive from a careful peruſal of the following tranſlation.

Edinburgh, April 8. 1803.

THE

THE

WIFE OF AUCHTERMUCHTY.

I.

IN Auchtermuchty dwelt a man,
An huſband, as I heard it tald,
Quha weil could tipple out a can,
And nowther luvit hunger nor cauld ;
Till anes it fell upon a day
He zokit his pleuch upon the plain ;
But ſchort the ſtorm wald let him ſtay,
Sair blew the day with wind and rain.

II.

He lows'd the plewch at the land's end,
And drave his owſen hame at ene ;
Quhen he came in he blinkit ben,
And ſaw his wife baith dry and clene,
Set beikand by a fire full bauld,
Suppand fat ſoup as I heard ſay :
The man being weary, wet, and cauld,
Betwein thir twa it was nae play.

III.

MATRONA AUCHTERMUCHTIENSIS.

I.

IN Auchtermuchtia notatur
Vixiſſe quondam homo gnavus,
Maritus, optimus potator,
Inediæ, ſitis, hoſtis gravis.
Huncce, dum ſolito labore
Aratrum bobus exercebat,
Compulſum hyemis rigore,
Tempeſtas domum reducebat.

II.

Solvebat boves ante horam
Conſuetam hic, defeſſus multùm,
Et ædes repetens, uxorem
Invenit lautam, comptam, cultam.
Hic frigens, torpens, dum videret
Ad focum conjugem ſedentem,
Quæ pingue juſculum ſorberet,
Nil mirum viſus turbat mentem.

III.

III.

Quod he, " Quhair is my horſes corn?
" My owſen has nae hay nor ſtrae;
" Dame, ze maun to the plewch the morn,
" I ſall be huſſy gif I may.
" This ſeid-time it proves cauld and bad,
" And ze ſit warm, nae troubles ſe;
" The morn ze ſall gae wi' the lad,
" And ſyne zeil ken what drinkers drie."

IV.

" Gudeman," quod ſcho, " content am I,
" To tak the plewch my day about,
" Sae ze rule weil the kaves and ky,
" And all the houſe baith in and out:
" And now ſen ze haif made the law,
" Then gyde all richt, and do not break;
" They ſicker raid that neir did faw;
" Therefore let naething be neglect.

V.

" But ſen ye will huſſyſkep ken,
" Firſt ze maun ſift and ſyne ſall kned;
" And ay as ye gang butt and ben,
" Luke that the bairns dryt not the bed:
" And lay a ſaft wyſp to the kiln,
" We haif a dear farm on our heid:
" And ay as ze gang forth and in,
" Keip weil the gaiſlings frae the gled."

VI.

III.

" I, profer," dixit, " huc avenas ;
" Fac bovibus frumenta promi ;
" Uxor, tu mane duc habenas,
" Dum ego domina ſim domi.
" Tempeſtas horrido rigore
" Curarum penitus expertem,
" Dum ego maceror labore,
" Te nil offendit hîc inertem."

IV.

" Pactum conventum ſit hinc inde,"
Reſpondet uxor, datâ dextrâ ;
" Tu vaccas, vitulas, ſubinde
" Et ædes cures, intus, extra.
" Per vices, indies ſit actum :
" Noſtrum ſulcare manè glebam ;
" Tu quod ſanxiſti ſerva pactum,
" Et opus age quod ſolebam.

V.

" Interea, ut ſis aptus arti,
" Terendum primò, tunc pinſandum ;
" Et quum infantes probè farti,
" Ne lectum polluant curandum.
" Cautè accendas tunc fornacem ;
" Sit frugi quicquid ordinetur ;
" Caveto milvium rapacem
" Anſerculos ne deprædetur."

VI.

The *Wyfe* was up richt late at ene,
I pray luke gif her ill to fare,
Scho kirn'd the kirn, and ſkumt it clene,
Left the Gudeman but bladoch bare:
Then in the morning up ſcho gat,
And on hir heart laid hir disjune,
And pat as meikle in hir lap,
As micht haif ſerd them baith at nune.

VII.

Says, *Yok*, be thou maiſter of wark,
And thou ſall had, and I ſall ką;
Iſe promiſe thee a gude new ſark,
Either of round claith or of ſma.
Scho lowſt the owſen aught or nyne,
And hynt a gad-ſtaff in her hand:
Up the *Gudeman* raiſe aftir ſyne,
And ſaw the *Wyfe* had done command.

VIII.

He draif the gaiſlings forth to feid;
Thair was but ſevenſum of them aw,
And by thair comes the greidy gled,
And lickt up five, left him but twa;
Then out he ran in all his mane,
How ſune he hard the gaiſlings cry;
But than ere he came in again,
The kaves brak louſe and ſuckt the ky.

VI.

Nocte dum altâ occupatur,
(Sit omen, precor, maledictum),
Butyro cautè lac fraudatur,
Tantum oxygalum relictum.
Tunc multo mane experrecta,
Opsonia lauta ipsa capit;
Jentaculo optimè refecta,
Duplum pro prandio secum rapit.

VII.

Et puerum sic allocuta,
" *Jock*, Boves agam, Tu arato;
" Indusia nova sit tributa;
" Tu pulchrum præmium reportato."
Accingit se ad opus citò,
Bobus adjunctis, fustem nacta;
Dum experrecto jam marito,
Videntur jussa satisfacta.

VIII.

Inprimis gnaviter ad pastum
Educit pullos anserinos;
At milvius irruens confestim,
Ex septem hic reliquit binos.
Ast anserinum cùm clamorem
Audivit, extrà fugit statim;
Dum vituli, secundum morem,
Vaccas exsugillant affatim.

IX.

The kaves and ky met in the loan,
The man ran with a rung to red,
Than by came an ill-willy roan,
And brodit his buttocks till they bled.
Syne up he tuke a rok of tow,
And he ſat down to ſey the ſpinning;
He loutit down our neir the low,
Quod he, "This wark has ill beginning."

X.

The leam up throu the lum did flow,
The ſute tuke fyre, it fleyd him than;
Sum lumps did fall and burn his pow;
I wat he was a dirty man:
Zit he gat water in a pan,
Quhairwith he ſloken'd out the fyre:
To ſoup the houſe he ſyne began;
To had all richt was his deſyre.

XI.

Hynd to the kirn then did he ſtoure,
And jumblit at it till he ſwat,
Quhen he had rumblit a full lang hour,
The ſorrow crap of butter he gat;
Albeit nae butter he could get,
Zit he was cummert with the kirn,
And ſyne he het the milk ſae het,
That ill a ſpark of it wad zyrne.

IX.

In angiportu gens bovina
Congreditur incontinenter ;
Fuſtem prendenti, vi ferinâ
Bos nates fodicat cruenter.
Tunc colo, fuſo, trahens ſtamen,
Artem ediſcat ut netricem,
Flammæ corripiunt : hoc certamen
Sortitur finem infelicem !

X.

Flamma caminum invadebat ;
Accenſa ſtatim fit fuligo,
Et caput, cadens obruebat ;
Quin prava certè hæc vertigo !
Labore plurimo, ſuppreſſit
Aquis incendium hocce dirum ;
Ædes purgare nunc faceſſit,
Ut ſtrenuum præ ſe ferat virum.

XI.

Nunc opus lactis peragendum ;
Oportet fiat nunc butyrum :
Labor inanis ! (O deflendum)
Butyrum deficit—nil mirum.
Deſudet quanquam, hunc laborem
Alio permutat : lac prematur—
En exitum adhuc pejorem !
Nam nimis coctum non ſpiſſatur.

XII.

XII.

Then ben thair cam a greedy ſow,
I trow he cund hir little thank:
For n ſcho ſhot hir meikle mow,
And ay ſcho wink it, and ſcho drank.
He tuke the kirnſtaff be the ſchank,
And hocht to reik the ſow a rout,
The twa left gaiſlings gat a clank,
That ſtraik dang baith thair harnis out.

XIII.

Then he bure kendling to the kiln,
But ſcho ſtart all up in a low;
Quhateir he heard, quhateir he ſaw,
That day he had nae will to * *.
Then he zied to tak up the bairns,
Thocht to have fund them fair and clene,
The firſt that he gat in his arms,
Was a bedirten to the een.

XIV.

The firſt it ſmellt ſae ſappylie,
To touch the lave he did not grein:
" The deil cut aff thair hands," quoth he,
" That cramd zour kytes ſae ſtraite zeſtrein."
He traild the foul ſheits down the gate,
Thocht to have wuſh them on a ſtane;
The burn was riſen grit of ſpait,
Awa frae him the ſheits has tane.

XV.

XII.

Tunc fœda porca ingruebat,
Et optimum olfaciens potum,
In ollam roſtrum inſerebat,
Et nictans, nutans, ſorbet totum.
Immundam beſtiam coercet
Et ictu baculi fugavit;
Plaga, quos milvius pepercit,
Anſerculos excerebravit.

XIII.

Carbone quamvis cautè geſto,
Fornax incendio ruinatur:
Quicquid nunc agitur ab iſto,
Certè nil ludum meditatur.
Infantum pergit ad grabatum,
Heu ſtultè credens purum putum;
Deprendit unum concacatum,
Merdâ ad oculos imbutum.

XIV.

Odore nares ſuffocantur;
Primus a reliquis abarcet:—
" Huic precor ilia rumpantur
" Quæ ventres ſic abundè farſit!"
Merdoſa lintea ut lavaret,
Ad rivum impiger trahebat;
At gurges, iſta dum purgaret,
Ex imbre tumens, auferebat.

XV.

XV.

Then up he gat on a know heid,
On hir to cry, on hir to ſchout:
Scho hard him, and ſcho hard him not,
But ſtoutly ſteird the ſtots about.
Scho draif the day unto the nicht,
Scho lowſt the plewch, and ſyne cam hame;
Scho fand all wrang that ſould bene richt;
I trow the man thocht meikle ſchame.

XVI.

Quod he, "My office I forſake,
"For all the hale days of my lyfe;
"For I wald put a houſe to wraik,
"Had I been twenty days Gudewyfe."
Quod ſcho, "Weil mot ze bruke your place,
"For truly I ſall neir accept it;"
Quod he, "Feynd fa the lyar's face,
"Bat zit ze may be blyth to get it."

XVII.

Then up ſcho gat a meikle rung;
And the Gudeman made to the door,
Quod he, "Dame, I ſall hald my tung,
"For an we fecht I'll get the war:"
Quod he, "When I forſuke my plewch,
"I trow I but forſuke my ſkill:
"Then I will to my plewch again;
"For I and this houſe will nevir do weil."

XV.

Tot mala paſſus, tandem ceſſit ;
  Clamorem tollit tunc dementis ;
Exaudiit uxor—nil receſſit,
  Perfecta donec ſit ſementis.
Ad noctem uſque laboratum ;
  Tunc boves ſolvens reducebat.—
In pejus omne eſt mutatum ;
  Suſcepti ſanè hunc pigebat.

XVI.

" Dî dent me, precor, in futurum
  " A tali munere ſolutum ;
" Nam, me regente, ruituram
  " Familiam, peream ni putem."
At illa—" Munus obeundum
  " Quod ambiiſti ; nam detrecto."—
Ille,—" Quid ſtultè renuendum ?
  " Grato ſis animo, profectò."

XVII.

Correpto baculo repentè
  Vibrabat ſponſi in cervicem ;
Ad oſtium fugit hic, nil lentè,
  Agnoſcens conjugem victricem.
" Certè inſigniter erratum ;
  " Dehinc, aremus in æternum ;
" Dî ulciſcantur hoc peccatum,
  " Quum munus captem tam infernum !"

VIRI HUMANI, SALSI ET FACETI,

GULIELMI SUTHERLANDI,

MULTARUM ARTIUM ET SCIENTIARUM DOCTORIS DOCTISSIMI,

DIPLOMA*.

Ubique gentium et terrarum,
From Sutherland to Padanarum,
From thoſe who have ſix months of day,
Ad caput uſque Bonæ Spei,
And farther yet, *ſi forte tendat,*
Ne ignorantiam quis prætendat,—
We, Doctors of the Merry Meeting,
To all and ſundry do ſend greeting,
Ut omnes habeant compertum,
Per hanc præſentem noſtram chartam,
Gulielmum Sutherlandum Scotum,
At home *per nomen Bogſie notum,*
Who ſtudied ſtoutly at our College,
And gave good ſpecimens of knowledge,
In multis artibus verſatum,
Nunc factum eſſe doctoratum.

Quoth

* This Diploma was written by William Meſton, A. M. who was Profeſſor of Philoſophy in the Mariſchal College, Aberdeen, about the beginning of the laſt century. It has been publiſhed in different editions of his poetical works, which are now, however, very rarely to be met with in the ſhops of the bookſellers, and, to uſe their language, are at preſent out of print.

Quoth Preſes, *Strictum poſt examen,*
Nunc eſto Doctor; we ſaid, *Amen.*
So to you all *hunc commendamus,*
Ut juvenem quem nos amamus,
Qui multas habet qualitates,
To pleaſe all humours and *ætates.*
He vies, if ſober, with Duns Scotus,
Sed multo magis ſi ſit potus.
In diſputando juſt as keen as
Calvin, John Knox, or Tom Aquinas.
In every queſtion of theology,
Verſatus multum in trickology;
Et in catalogis librorum
Frazer could never ſtand before him;
For he, by page and leaf, can quote
More books than Solomon ere wrote.
A lover of the mathematics
He is, but hates the hydroſtatics,
Becauſe he thinks it a cold ſtudy,
To deal in water clear or muddy.
Doctiſſimus eſt medicinæ,
Almoſt as Boerhaave or Bellini.
He thinks the diet of Cornaro,
In meat and drink too ſcrimp and narrow,
And that the rules of Leonard Leſſius,
Are good for nothing but to ſtreſs us.
By ſolid arguments and keen
He has confuted Doctor Cheyne,
And clearly prov'd by demonſtration,
That claret is a good collation,

Sanis

Sanis et ægris always better
Than coffee, tea, or milk and water;
That cheerful company, *cum riſu*,
Cum vino forti, *ſuavi viſu*,
Guſtatu dulci, ſtill has been
A cure for hyppo and the ſpleen;
That hen and capon, *vervecina*,
Beef, duck and paſties, *cum ferina*,
Are good ſtomachics, and the beſt
Of cordials, *probatum eſt*.
He knows the ſymptoms of the phthiſis,
Et per ſalivam ſees diſeaſes,
And can diſcover *in urina*,
Quando ſit opus medicina.
A good French nightcap ſtill has been,
He ſays, a proper anodyne,
Better than laudanum or poppy,
Ut dormiamus like a toppy.
Affirmat luſum alearum,
Medicamentum eſſe clarum,
Or elſe a touch at three-hand ombre
When toil or care our ſpirits cumber,
Which graft wings on our hours of leiſure,
And make them fly with eaſe and pleaſure.
Aucupium et venationem,
Poſt longam nimis potationem,
He has diſcover'd to be good
Both for the ſtomach and the blood,
As frequent exerciſe and travel,
Are good againſt the gout and gravel.

He clearly proves the cauſe of death
Is nothing but the want of breath,
And that indeed is a diſaſter,
When 'tis occaſion'd by a plaſter
Of hemp and pitch, laid cloſely on
Somewhat above the collar-bone.
Well does he know the proper doſes
Which will prevent the fall of noſes,
E'en keep them, *qui privantur illis,*
Ægrè utuntur conſpicillis.
To this, and ten times more, his ſkill
Extends when he could cure or kill.
Immenſam cognitionem legum
Ne prorſus hic ſilentio tegam,
Cum ſociis artis, greaſe his fiſt,
Torquebat illas as you liſt;
If laws for bribes are made, 'tis plain,
They may be bought and ſold again;
Spectando aurum now we find
That Madam Juſtice is ſtone blind,
So deaf and dull in both her ears,
The clink of gold ſhe only hears;
Nought elſe but a loud party ſhout
Will make her ſtart or look about.
His other talents to rehearſe,
Breviſſimè in proſe or verſe,
To tell how gracefully he dances,
And artfully contrives romances;
How well he arches, and ſhoots flying,
(Let no man think that we mean lying),

How

How well he fences, rides and ſings,
And does ten thouſand other things;
Allow a line, nay, but a comma,
To each, *turgeret hoc diploma;*
Quare, ut tandem concludamus,
Qui brevitatem approbamus,
(For brevity is always good,
Providing we be underſtood),
In rerum omnium naturis,
Non minus quam ſcientia juris
Et medicinæ, Doctoratum
Bogſæum novimus verſatum;
Nor ſhall we here ſay more about him,
But you may dacker if you doubt him.
Addamus tamen hoc tantillum,
Duntaxat noſtrum hoc ſigillum,
Huic teſtimonio appenſum,
Ad confirmandum ejus ſenſum,
Junctis chirographis cunctorum,
Blyth, honeſt, hearty *ſociorum.*
Dabamus at a large punch-bowl,
Within our proper common ſchool,
The twenty-ſixth day of November,
Ten years, the date we may remember,
After the race of Sheriffmuir,
(Scotſmen will count from a black hour).
Ab omni probo nunc ſignetur,
Qui denegabit extrudetur.

FORMULA

FORMULA GRADUS DANDI.

Eadem nos auctoritate,
Reges memoriæ beatæ,
Pontifices et Papæ læti,
Nam alii sunt a nobis spreti,
Quam quondam nobis indulserunt,
Quæ privilegia semper erunt,
Collegio nostro safe and sound,
As long 's the earth and cups go round.
Te Bogsæum hic creamus,
Statuimus et proclamamus,
Artium Magistrum et Doctorem,
Si libet etiam Professorem;
Tibique damus potestatem
Potandi ad hilaritatem,
Ludendi porro et jocandi,
Et mœstos vino medicandi,
Ad risum etiam fabulandi;
In promissionis tuæ signum,
Caput, honore tanto dignum,
Hoc cyatho condecoramus *,
Ut tibi felix sit oramus;
Præterea in manum damus
Hunc calicem, ex quo potamus,

Spumantem

* Here he was crowned with the punch-bowl.

Spumantem generoso vino,
Ut bibas more Palatino.
Sir, pull it off, and on your thumb
Cernamus supernaculum,
Ut specimen ingenii
Post studia decennii.

[While he is drinking, the chorus sings]

En calicem spumantem,
Falerni epotantem;
En calicem spumantem,
Io, io, io.

[After he has drunk, and turned the glass on his thumb, they embrace him, and sing again]

Laudamus hunc Doctorem,
Et fidum compotorem;
Laudamus hunc Doctorem,
Io, io, io.

FINIS.

EDINBURGH,
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